

## 7 days

- No money, no sugar, - so i left, without no realization in what I was doing.

200 kilometers from Paris, I arrived to small city towards Caen. Friend of mine invited me for a gig happening somewhere close, but I decided to stick to my schedule.

Emerging a small village with a bag full of clothes is not difficult, as finding a place to stay or leaving if unfold. I was crossing narrow streets, apples, got 50 euros to landlord or getting rid of the idea buying Shinon. Smoking cigarette after another, meeting owner of the camera from whom he had stolen it instead.

Finishing a cigarette one by another, you come to square, spending time in the church, vomiting in the private toilet. You ask for the guestroom. Nice wooden table. You recognize. Church never opens for those who ask shelter.

Hooker gives you a cigarette on bench close to the building.

Have you ever got penetrated look from the Eiffel tower, standing on my knees. Everybody is in desperate need money, aren't we all.

I was resting like a child, watching porn on television, while he was in desperate need of blunt and a cigarette for me. Next morning i had to leave, so i left, leaving my bag in the hall closer to la Fayette. In desperate creed of money and home.

If you have spent your youth in Paris, you did not have youth. I sat slose to a old guy resting on gouvernement tuition, spending all his money on cigars and coffee. We had to leave, in ten minutes we were standing close to the doorway meeting accidentally his neighbour, explaining. He had so many woman in his life. You have to, I could not do it.